

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M. BY  
JOHN T. TOWERS.

Office corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth street.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 day - \$0 50	1 square 1 month \$3 50
1 do 2 days - 62	1 do 2 months 5 00
1 do 3 do - 75	1 do 3 do 7 00
1 do 1 week 1 25	1 do 6 do 12 00
1 do 2 weeks 2 25	1 do 1 year 24 00

Longer advertisements at equally favorable rates.

Five lines or less to make a square.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The STANDARD will be delivered to subscribers in the District at ten cents per week, payable to the carriers; or, when preferable, they can pay at the office for a longer period. Subscribers will be furnished, by mail, ten weeks for ONE DOLLAR; and in no case will the paper be continued beyond the time paid for. Single copies two cents.

## PROSPECTUS.

THE undersigned, believing that a cheap daily Whig newspaper at the seat of Government would prove a valuable auxiliary to the Whig cause during the approaching Presidential contest, will publish, on the first Monday in November next, a thorough and decided Whig paper, entitled,

**THE WHIG STANDARD,**  
devoted to the principles and policy of that party, as laid down in the following declarations by HENRY CLAY:

1. "A sound National Currency, regulated by the will and authority of the Nation;
2. "An adequate revenue, with fair protection to American Industry;
3. "Just restraints on the Executive Power, embracing further restrictions on the exercise of the Veto;
4. "A faithful administration of the Public Domain, with an equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of it among the States;
5. "An honest and economical administration of the General Government, leaving public officers perfect freedom of thought, and of the right of suffrage, but with suitable restraints against improper interference in elections;
6. "An amendment of the Constitution limiting the incumbent of the Presidential office to a single term."

To this announcement we believe every true and ardent Whig will favorably respond. The hearts of the Whig army, whose ranks were unbroken, and whose banners floated unstricken during the campaign of '40, must, everywhere, swell with glorious pride at the memory of the past, and their hopes encouraged by their joyous anticipations of the future. It is true a nightmare of treachery now rests upon the energies of the party; but shall we not arouse to the importance of the political conflict which is about to ensue? There are at this time five opposition papers at the Seat of Government, each, in its way, endeavoring to sap the foundations of the Whig party, and blasting the prosperity of the country by the measures they propose. Shall we not rally against the foes excited by these emissaries, whose corrupt and atrocious motives are manifest by their early wrangling for spoils which they never can win? We know the response of millions of freemen will be "AY, RALLY!" Already the "hum of either army stilly sounds;" already the general furnishing of arms "gives dreadful note of preparation;" then let ours be a bright and death-dealing sword in the conflict. Let us rally under a leader upon whose standard is inscribed "Liberty, Order, the Constitution;" whose great political and personal virtues endear him to every generous heart, and whose patriotism has never been excelled—let us rally for HENRY CLAY, the Statesman and Sage, the friend of the workingman, the idol of his country, which, for forty years, next to his God, has had his chief care.

In addition to the thorough Whig course which this paper will pursue, its readers will be furnished with the earliest local intelligence of the city and District, and the general news of the day. The daily hour of publication will be 4 o'clock in the evening; and during the session of Congress a synopsis of its proceedings will be given up to that hour, by able reporters; enabling us thus to transmit abroad, through its columns, whatever of interest may transpire, at the earliest hour.

THE WHIG STANDARD will be published, daily, at 10 cents per week, payable to the carriers.

The paper will be mailed to subscribers out of the District, at \$5 per annum, payable invariably in advance, or for a shorter period at the above rate.

As soon as the Presidential campaign shall be fairly opened, a weekly paper, at one dollar for the campaign, will be published for country circulation.

P. S. All communications by mail must be post paid, or they will remain in the post office.

JOHN T. TOWERS.

**CHARLES S. WALLACE,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.  
NO. 6, WEST WING, CITY HALL.  
nov 6—ly

**DANIEL CAMPBELL,** late Polkithorn & Campbell, Saddle, Harness, and Trunk maker, Pennsylvania avenue, five doors east of Gadsby's hotel, continues to manufacture Saddles, Brides, Carriage, Waggon, Cart, and Plough Harness, Trunks, Valises, and Saddle Bags, of all kinds. Military equipments made to order.

\* Any of the above articles furnished at the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. nov 6

**ROBERT P. ANDERSON,** Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street. Binding and Machine Ruling, of any kind or pattern, neatly and promptly executed, and on as good terms as any other establishment in the District. nov 6

**MANESCA'S FRENCH COURSE,** an Oral System of Teaching Living Languages, illustrated by a practical course of lessons in the French through the medium of the English, by Jean Manesca, fourth edition, revised. For sale by R. FARNHAM, corner 11th street and Penn. av. Where may be found all the French School books now in use, and sold at very low prices. nov 6

**GREAT NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL DEPOT,** adjoining Beers' Temperance Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 3d and 4th streets.—GIDEON BROOKE would respectfully call the attention of his friends, and the public generally, to the large collection of books that are to be found at the Literary Depot, all of which are in the cheap form—

Alison for one dollar! Just published, in one large and splendid volume, octavo size, on new and beautiful long primer type, Alison's History of Europe, from the commencement of the French revolution in 1789, to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, abridged for the use of the general reader, and also for colleges, academies, and other seminaries of learning, by Edward S. Gould, Esq.

Blackwood's Magazine for October. Contents—1. Mill's Logic. 2. My Country Neighbors. 3. Travels of Kerim Khan. 4. The Thirteenth, a Tale of Doom. 5. Reminiscences of Syria. 6. The Fate of Polycrates. 7. Modern Painters. 8. A Royal Salute. 9. Physical Science in England. 10. Chronicles of Paris—the Rue St. Denis. 11. The Last Session of Parliament—price 18¢ cents.

Just published, the Monthly Serial Supplement to the New World for October. Contents—1. Arrah Neil, or Times of Old, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 2. Modern Chivalry, or a New Orlando Furioso, by W. H. Ainsworth. 3. The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens. 4. L. S. D., or Accounts of Irish Heirs, by Samuel Lover. 5. Lotterings of Arthur O'Leary, by Charles Lever, Esq. One dollar a year, in advance—single numbers 12¢ cents.

To the world! Read! Read! A tremendous excitement has been produced in Paris, and throughout all France, by the publication in numbers of the Mysteries of Paris, a novel, by Eugene Sue, to be completed in 10 numbers, at 15 cents each.

Spanish Without a Master, on the Robersonian method, in four easy lessons, by A. H. Monteith, Esq., author of "French Without a Master," &c.—price 25 cents.

Etiquette, or a Guide to the Usages of Society, by Count Alfred D'Orsay—price 25 cents.

Cousin Hinton, or Friend or Foe? by Miss Ellen Pickering, author of "Nan Darrell," "The Frigate," &c. This is decidedly the best novel Miss Pickering has written—price 15 cents.

The Traduced, a new novel, by N. Mitchell, Esq., author of "The Fatalist," "The Fortunes of Godolphin," &c.—price 15 cents a copy. An extraordinary work—we speak from our own feelings, and without the slightest knowledge of the author. As a novel or romance, we pronounce it one of the most powerful we have read for a length of time. Its interest is sustained throughout in a most skillful manner.—Blackwood's Magazine.

To the young men of the United States, of all parties, all creeds, all callings. Only one dollar for eleven hundred octavo pages, with three engravings! The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay, complete in two volumes, of over 1,100 large pages, with three engravings—the whole for \$1.

Fittmarsh in Ireland! The Irish Sketch Book, by Mr. M. A. Fittmarsh, with numerous engravings on wood, from the author's designs—price 37¢ cents.

New original novel, by Edward S. Gould. The Sleep-Kider, or the Old Boy in the Omnibus, by the Man in the Claret-colored Coat. This is believed to be the first successful attempt in our language to produce a complete story after the manner of Sterne. The imitation of that great humorist, however, extends no further than to the general plan. The entire detail of the work, its incidents, descriptions, and reflections, will be found as purely original and quite as entertaining as any modern work whatever. The scene is laid in a *Broadway Omnibus*, where several honest citizens are introduced as passengers, and undergo a series of adventures so astonishing, that, if not strictly true, they would be incredible. The work is diversified by illustrations of temperance, grammar, thunder-storms, matrimony, sub-treasures, water-works, coroners' inquests, and animal-magnetism. The "hits at the times" are given in the richest vein of quiet humor, and the reader who fails to weep at the pathos, and roar at the drollery of this novel production must be made of "sterner stuff" than we are—price 25 cents.

Brother Jonathan Monthly Library, No. 2. The 2d number of this monthly is just published, containing the Old Man of Haarlem, a new novel, by the celebrated author of "the Tempter and the Tempted."—Price 15 cents.

Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, Spain, &c.—to be completed in 10 numbers at 25 cents each—9 numbers out.

## JUST PUBLISHED—

The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl, by Adelbert Von Chamisso. Translated by William Howitt.—Price 15 cents.

The Professor and his Favorites, by Mrs. Emily Flygare. Translated from the Swedish.—Price 25 cents.

Ernest Harcourt; or, The Loyalist's Son, a romance of the revolution.—Price 15 cents.

Mabel, the Actress; or the Perils of Illicit Love.—Price 15 cents.

The Bride of the Northern Wilds, a tale, by Newon M. Curtis.—Price 15 cents.

The Story of Ninon de L'Enclos, the celebrated Aspasia of France, with her remarkable letters on Love, Courtship, Marriage, and their Mysteries.—Price 15 cents.

The Destroyer, a tale of Guilt and Sorrow, by the author of "Ten Thousand a Year."—Price 15 cents.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with notes, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, with maps, to be completed in 15 numbers, at 25 cents each.

Life of Andrew Jackson, Private, Military, and Civil, with illustrations, by Amos Kendall, to be completed in 15 numbers, at 25 cents each.

A Book for every American—Pictorial History of the United States, embellished by upwards of three hundred original and splendid engravings, to be completed in 30 numbers, at 25 cents each.

Bankrupt Stories, edited by Harry Franco, the Haunted Merchant, in 5 numbers, at 18¢ cents each.

The Democratic Review for November, a splendid number—price \$5 a year, or 50 cents single number.

American Naval Biography, comprising lives of the commodores, and other commanders distinguished in the history of the American navy, compiled from the best authorities, by John Frost, complete in 6 numbers, at 25 cents each.

G. B. is agent for the Daily and Weekly Herald, Brother Jonathan, New World, and New Mirror, all of which are furnished to subscribers regularly, and single copies always for sale at the office, together with all the popular magazines of the day; and all new publications as fast as they appear in the northern cities. nov 6—31

From the Philadelphia Forum.

## FROM THE COONS OF RHODE ISLAND

TO THE  
CLAY WHIGS OF THE UNION—GREETING:

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

As I've got time I'll tell you all  
The States that vote for Clay next fall,  
'Tis easy told, and thus 'tis done—  
They all will vote for Clay but one.

CHORUS.

Then Tyler clear, get out the way,  
Make room now for Harry Clay,  
Get out the way you John Tyler,  
You've collapsed and burst your boiler!

Old Tennessee began the dance,  
And woke Van Buren from his trance;  
'Tis hard to beat the "Farmer Jones"  
As 'twas for Dorr to leave "them bones."

CHORUS.

Next comes the news from Maryland—  
'Tis mighty bad for me, says Van;  
For "Tyler too" it is a roarer,  
As well as Bob, who wrote Medora.

CHORUS.

Georgia, too, right well she's done  
For old Kentucky's gallant son;  
She wants a tariff "fair to good,"  
To give her "Crackers" meat and food.

CHORUS.

More news has come from the Jersey shore,  
It makes old Tyler grin once more;  
And the locos rant and the locos roar—  
We'll beat them bad in forty-four.

CHORUS.

We've heard the news from the Quaker State,  
It shows Van Buren his true fate;  
It tells John Tyler he must clear;  
We'll beat them bad the coming year.

CHORUS.

We've heard news from Ohio—  
For Clay 'tis good, for Tyler no,  
The ball is surely rolling on,  
And makes more verses for this song.

CHORUS.

Van Winkle's State has spoken loud,  
And adds to Harry's swelling crowd;  
She's bid farewell to Tyler John,  
And now she goes Kentucky's son.

CHORUS.

Now, Bay State Boys, wheel into place,  
And meet your foe, now, face to face,  
And drive them all from bed and pallet,  
With Morton, Wright, and Green, and Hallett.

CHORUS.

And what do you think New York will do?  
She'll drive from her this loco crew;  
In all good time she'll come a long,  
And go for Clay, ten thousand strong.

CHORUS.

Virginia, too, will do her best,  
To put this winded nag at rest;  
Of good Whig votes she has got lots—  
"Long time ago" she had the Botts.

CHORUS.

Rhode Island's sure for Henry Clay,  
As sure as cometh November's day,  
She's "up and dressed," and won't give way  
Until she's voted strong for Clay.

CHORUS.

To all good Whigs conjoined, I say,  
Be "up and dressed" and vote for Clay;  
Remove afar this "crying sin"  
"Pick your flints and try agin."

## THE COUNTY MEMBER.

BY MRS. HARRY CORNWALL WILSON.

"Fling away ambition,  
By that sin fell the angels."

Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Amid the wavering of handkerchiefs and shoutings of the throng, Sir Henry Comyn, the popular candidate, was escorted through the town of —, having just been returned member for the county. All was joy and hilarity; yet a shade of sadness sat on the brow of the fair young wife, as she gazed upon the triumphant procession from a window of the inn to which his constituents conducted her husband. Amid the pride that woman must feel in seeing him she most loves so idolized, Lady Julia felt a vague wish that he had not been elected.

The session was at hand, and she knew she must lose his society. Yes, he would quit the peaceful scenes where the first two years of their married life had been so happily passed, and leave her to all the loneliness of regret; for Lady Julia was about to become a mother, and could not follow Sir Henry to the noise and bustle of the metropolis, whither his parliamentary duties would now call him. These reflections gave a mournful caste to the beautiful countenance of his wife, as she removed the ribbon-coronet in imitation of laurel, from Sir Henry's brow, and greeted his return with a kiss of welcome.

Another month saw the young member take his seat in the house, and for the first time since their marriage separated him from the arms of Julia. She had just given birth to a son, who had scarcely received a father's embrace, ere he hurried away to the metropolis to commence his career.

Seated in his elegantly furnished apartments at the west end of the town, after the fatigues of the debate were completed, Sir Henry, in his temporary bachelorship, would at first often contemplate the image of Lady Julia and his peaceful home with a half-regretful sigh. These tender reveries, so honorable to the heart of the husband and the father, were soon put to flight by the feelings of ambition that arose in the head of the senator and the man. Sir Henry was on the popular side, and self vanity whispered that he owned talents, only wanting op-

portunity to win for their possessor fame and honor.

Amongst the many young men of fashion who sought his society, Lord Vivian Roslyn was the most pleasing and congenial to his taste. To a brilliant wit the young nobleman joined manners the most fascinating. Their political creed was the same, and Vivian Roslyn soon became the chosen friend and constant companion of Sir Henry. Her husband's letters to Lady Julia glowed with encomiums of the fashionable peer, and the fond wife half chid the jealous feeling that arose in her thoughts, to find there existed a being save herself who could occupy in Sir Henry's heart that void which not even the smiles of her infant son could supply to her own.

Three months had now passed, and Sir Henry had never for a single day been able to detach himself from the duties of the Senate to revisit the repining Julia. True, he wrote frequently, but his letters by imperceptible degrees grew short and less familiar—all those little details of how he had passed his time, which formed the chief part of his earlier epistles, was now omitted; and idleness was creeping over his manner like shadows upon the sun-dials—and a distrust of she knew not what, over Julia's heart. Her health was now re-established, and the anxious wife pressed to be allowed to join her husband. An assent was granted, and Sir Henry informed her that he had secured a fashionable mansion in Belgrave square. With eager and trembling haste the mother journeyed with her infant treasure towards the metropolis. In what vivid coloring did her fond anxiety picture the meeting after so long a separation! In that blissful idea the little coldness that had wounded her was forgotten, before the ardor of true affection, all melted away, like snow before the sun-beam. How did fancy dwell upon the eager gladness with which the young father would welcome his scarce seen boy!

As the carriage whirled rapidly through the crowded streets, Lady Julia leaned back to conceal the emotions she found it impossible to control, and distinctly might she have counted the throbbings of her anxious heart. The wished-for moment had arrived—the carriage entered the square, and drew up before the door of a large and handsome house—the step was let down, and Lady Julia was received—not into the arms of the impatient husband, but by the well-bred bow of an obsequious and powdered lacquey, who informed her that his master was attending a call of the House, from whence he did not expect he would return till past midnight. A chill fell on the heart of the disappointed wife, and a flood of the bitterest tears she had ever shed, bathed the cheek of the sleeping cherub, cradled in her arms, and relieved her overcharged bosom from suffocation.

"My love! how can you be so absurd as to expect me to go every where with you?" said Sir Henry in a half peevish tone. "You know I must attend my duty at the House, and that will detain me late; and afterwards I must just look in at the club and sup with a new member, who is half inclined to come over to our side. Take Vivian with you to the opera; he's not a man of business, and will be too happy to attend you." "Ah, Harry," replied the mortified wife, "would we were at Roselands, where you had nothing else to do but ride, walk, and read with me." "Well, my love, I wish so to," answered Sir Henry, "but we must make some sacrifice in these times for the good of one's country. Surely if I do not murmur, my Julia need not? When a man gets into Parliament, you know—" "He neglects his wife," thought Lady Julia, for she was ever too gentle to give unkindness utterance.

Thus days and weeks were passed, and Roslyn was the constant attendant on his friend's wife to all those places of fashionable resort her situation in society and the natural love of seeing and being seen, so inherent in the female breast, led Lady Julia to frequent. Nothing is more dangerous to a woman's virtue than neglect. A wife can bear much from the man she loves—jealousy—peevishness—unkindness in all its sad variety of shapes; but neglect is the blighting canker-worm that creeps to the very core of woman's tenderness, withering and destroying all within its reach. The woman of weak and little mind will sink beneath neglect crushed like the blade of grass we tread under our heedless footsteps, and if she be of a lofty and daring spirit, she will do worse, seek revenge! aye revenge, though it is bought at the price of her own soul!

Things were in this undomestic state, when one morning Sir Henry sat listlessly lounging over the breakfast table (his lady not having risen,) pondering, it might be, the national, or some other debt which nearer concerned his interest, a servant announced "Farmer Jones, from Roselands, was below."

"Admit him instantly," was the reply; "he is one of my constituents, and was my warmest supporter at the election. I hope, however, the old man is not come to ask for a place or a pension," thought Sir Henry as he entered.

"Well, Jones, and how goes on all at Roselands?" asked the member.

"Why, main badly, indeed, Sir Harry," answered the farmer, "main badly; and as I had to come to Lunnun on business like, I thought I'd make bold to call and tell you so." Look ye, Sir Harry, I served your father and grandfather, afore him, and I should not like to see you ruined. I'll tell you a bit of plain truth—this Parliamentary business will ruin you."

"How so, friend Jones? I hope I have discharged my duty conscientiously."

"Duty," replied the old man, shaking his head. "I take it duty, like charity, ought to begin at home, and all's going to rack and ruin there. The dogs are as lean, and the horses are as rough, as though they had not had a meal's

meat or a rub down this last twelvemonth. And then there's my lady's flower garden, as she used to be so fond on—why it's all overgrown with chicken weed; and nothing's ever given away at the hall now. If a poor body goes to the door to ask a mouthful of bread, he's told, 'Oh! master's gone to Lunnun a parliamenting, and we are all on board wages here.' And then all the beautiful rooms are shut up, and the place looks more like a nunnery than the mansion of an English baronet. I'll tell ye what, Sir Harry—don't be angry with me for giving an old man's advice—go down to Roselands, live on your estate, give bread to your starving tenantry by employing them, and dang me if you won't be more of a real patriot, and do more good to your countrymen, than all the long speeches we read in the paper, of your making here in the House of Commons."

Whether the eloquence of honest Jones, or the still small voice that spake within the breast of Sir Henry, caused a relaxation in his attendance on those fancied duties hitherto so ardently pursued, was never known; but the next day the young baronet told his delighted Julia that he intended returning with her to Roselands the following week.

"Oh! my dear Henry, I am so glad," said Lady Julia, "I shall see my own pretty garden again, and ride my dear Arabian pony, and we will read and walk together, and be so happy."

And the fond wife's anticipations of happiness were realized, for they were founded on reason. They returned to Roselands—Lady Julia, with a lightened heart; her husband, with a lightened purse. At first, the Member found a country life somewhat monotonous after the bustle and excitement of a London session; but the cares his half ruined estate required to restore it to its original order, the society of his Julia, and the hourly expanding beauties of his infant heir, Sir Henry had enough to keep his mind from stagnating, or sinking into that indolence too often the follower of active exertion.

Domestic duties grow daily more pleasing; and when, at the dissolution of Parliament early the following year, his constituents offered to return Sir Henry again, the offer was gratefully yet firmly declined, for the husband and father had seen too many of its temptations and evils to hazard the loss of his domestic peace by venturing on another session.

**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.**—The undersigned, being appointed agent to receive subscriptions for this popular, cheap, and widely-circulated periodical, (which is published every Saturday in the city of New York, at \$3 per annum, in advance,) respectfully calls the attention of his literary friends and the citizens of the District generally to the first number of the second volume, received by him on Saturday last, which he will have pleasure in lending to any gentleman who may be desirous of reading and examining its contents. It is confidently believed that the original matter, selections, London Correspondence, Parliamentary Summary, and general contents of the Anglo-American, as presented in the volume already published, will on examination, especially recommend it to the literary reader and the public in general.

To those subscribers who pay one year in advance the publishers of the Anglo-American promise to give a magnificent portrait of Washington, 24 inches by 16, which has just been engraved in the very highest style of art.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,  
nov 6—cod1w Office cor. 6th st. and Lou. av.

## NEW FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS.

The subscriber has received an additional supply of Fancy and Staple Goods, which, added to his former stock, makes his assortment as complete as any in the District. He respectfully invites a call from his friends and the public generally, and assures them that he will sell them goods upon as fair terms as they can be obtained at any other establishment in the District. In part, as follows—

## FANCY GOODS.

- 10 pieces rich cashmere de cosse, a splendid article for ladies' dresses
- 10 pieces Louisiennes, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses.
- 5 pieces French printed velvets, new patterns, and very beautiful
- 20 pieces printed velvets, from 50 to 75 cts pr yard
- 5 pieces figured and watered black silks
- 20 pieces striped changeable silks
- 10 pieces figured, striped, and plain black silks
- 20 pieces colored and black Alpaca lustre
- 20 pieces wide French bombasins
- 100 pieces mouselines de laine, latest style, from 25 cents to 1 dollar
- 50 pieces Chusans, beautiful patterns
- 100 very rich colored satin shawls
- Cashmere, Thibet, and mouseline shawls, a large supply
- 6 elegant silk velvet shawls
- 1 carton satin scarfs, a beautiful article
- 5 cartons silk fringes, colored and black
- 250 blanket shawls, from 50 cents to \$4 50
- Gloves, silk and cotton hosiery, &c.

## STAPLE GOODS.

- 50 pieces superfine and medium cloths, from \$1 50 to \$7 per yard
- 50 pieces assorted cassimeres
- 150 pieces assorted cassinets of every description and price
- 20 pieces merino vestings, rich and splendid
- 10 pieces black satin and velvet vesting
- 10 dozen heavy lambswool shirts and drawers
- 5 dozen lambswool jackets for ladies
- 50 dozen lambswool half hose
- 25 dozen gentleman's hosiery gloves

## HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES.

- 20 pieces heavy 10-4 and 12-4 Russia sheetings
- 10 pieces 8-4 and 10-4 Russia table cloths
- 5 dozen damask tablecloths, from 2 1/2 to 6 yds long
- 150 pair Whitney blankets
- 50 Marseilles quilts, some of superior quality
- 20 pieces handsome curtain muslins
- 150 pieces curtain calicoes, &c.

Together with almost every article in the Dry Goods line.

R. C. WASHINGTON.

nov 6—lm